THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script
BBC-1 Colour

Prog.Ident No:1/LDL E133H

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6J

EPISODE 1: 'The King's Demons'

by

Terence Dudley

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Director	TONY VIRGO
Designer	KEN LEDSHAM
Script Editor	ERIC SAWARD
Production Associate	JUNE COLLINS
Production Manager	JEREMY SILBERSTON
A.F.M.	SUE HEDDEN
Production Assistant	SUE UPTON
Costume Designer	COLIN LAVERS
Make-Up Artist	ELIZABETH ROWELL
Visual Effects Designer	TONY HARDING
TM1	PETER SMEE
Sound Supervisor	MARTIN RIDOUT
Video Effects	DAVE CHAPMAN
Music by	PETER HOWELL
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

READ-THRU & FILM REHEARSAL:	Friday 3rd December 1982
FILMING:	5th-7th December
OUTSIDE REHEARSAL:	8th-17th December (8 days)
CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING:	19th & 20th December 1982
TRANSMISSION:	TBC - 6th in TX order

"DOCTOR WHO" EPISODE 1 'The King's Demons'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
TEGAN
TURLOUGH
SIR GILLES ESTRAM
THE KING
RANULF FITZ WILLIAM
ISABELLA
HUGH
SIR GEOFFREY DE LACEY
KNIGHTS)
MEN-AT-ARMS) N/S
RETAINERS)
MINSTRELS
TUMBLERS
JUGGLERS

SETS:

The Castle. The Great Hall
A corridor
A corridor with stairs
A dungeon
1st Guest Chamber
2nd Guest Chamber
Int. Tardis Console Room

TELECINE:

Ext. Pavilion and Lists
Woodland near Castle

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6J

EPISODE 1: 'The King's Demons'

by

Terence Dudley

1. INT. GREAT HALL. NIGHT.

(A BANQUET PROCEEDS.

MARCH 3RD, 1215.

ODIHAM, ENGLAND.

AT THE CENTRE OF THE TOP TABLE SITS RANULF, A DISTINGUISHED MAN OF FIFTY-FIVE. ON HIS LEFT SITS HIS WIFE, ISABELLA, SEVENTEEN YEARS YOUNGER. NEXT TO HER SITS HUGH, THEIR TWENTY YEARS OLD SON, SENSITIVE LOOKING AND SLIGHT OF FRAME.

THE KING SITS ON
RANULF'S RIGHT.
HE IS A DARK, HANDSOME
MAN WITH NEATLY
BOBBED HAIR AND
A WELL-TRIMMED
SPADE BEARD. HE WEARS
A CROWN. HE IS FORTY
EIGHT YEARS OLD.

TO THE KING'S RIGHT
SITS SIR GILLES
ESTRAM. HE IS IN HIS
MID-FORTIES, OF AVERAGE
HEIGHT BUT WITH POWERFUL
SHOULDERS. HE WEARS
A FULL, BLACK BEARD
AND AGGRESSIVE EYEBROWS.

THE REST OF THE
COMPANY COMPRISES
KNIGHTS, SOME WITH
LADIES.

ON THE TWO TABLES ARE
DEBRIS OF THE MEAL.

RETAINERS REPLENISH
GOBLETS.

MINSTRELS PLAY FLUTES
AND RECORDERS.

A NUMBER OF DOGS
ACCEPT SCRAPS FROM THE
TABLES.

THE KING SMITES THE
TABLE WITH HIS HAND)

KING: Enough!

(HE RISES FROM THE
TABLE AND THE COMPANY
RISES WITH HIM)

This is a poor welcome, my lord.

RANULF: But, sire!

KING: Hear us! We have come to ask but a pittance. Three marks per knight's fee. You obstruct the Crusade, my lord, with your tight fistedness.

RANULF: Your Grace already has my whole fortune, willingly given, but six months since. There is no more. My coffers are empty.

KING: Your words are more generous than your purse, Lord Ranulf. If you speak truth...if we have your whole fortune...you insult us.

(SIR GILLES PLUCKS A GAUNTLET FROM HIS BELT, MOVES TO RANULF AND FLINGS IT AT HIS FEET.

SIR GILLES SPEAKS WITH A FRENCH ACCENT)

SIR GILLES: You insult the King.

RANULF: Your Majesty...

SIR GILLES: You insult the King. Are you also craven?

(RANULF HESITATES AND THEN STOOPS TO PICK UP THE GAUNTLET.

HUGH IS QUICKER AND REACHES THE GAUNTLET FIRST)

RANULF: No!

HUGH: My father is in poor health, Sir Gilles.

ISABELLA: Hugh!

HUGH: I pick up your gage.

(HE FLICKS THE GAUNTLET AT SIR GILLES CONTEMTUOUSLY AND SIR GILLES TRAPS IT NEATLY)

RANULF: No! I beg your Grace! Take my lands, take my goods and chattels, take even the robes I stand in, but spare me my surviving son!

HUGH: Father, do not dishonour me!

RANULF: My son! Your Majesty?

(THE KING SMILES EVILLY)

KING: We shall see, my lord, if your fealty is as slender as your fortune. Your son shall meet our champion on the morrow. We shall retire and dream sweet dreams. We bid you goodnight.

RANULF: Goodnight, sire.

(THE KING SWEEPS AWAY ESCORTED BY SIR GILLES AND FOUR OTHER KNIGHTS.

RANULF, ISABELLA AND
HUGH STAND PROUD
AND STILL AS THEY WATCH
THE EXIT, HOLDING THEIR
FEELINGS ALOOF FROM THE
HOUSEHOLD)

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Open Ground in wooded area. Day.

Lists have been erected before a pavilion in which sits THE KING attended by his entourage, together with RANULF and ISABELLA and members of their household.

In the background of an ESTABLISHING SHOT we see the outline of Odiham Castle.

SIR GILLES and HUGH sit their horses at opposite ends of the lists attended by their squires and pages.

SIR GILLES raises his lance. HUGH does the same.

THE KING raises his arm and lets it fall.

Both lances are lowered for the attack.

Both mounts are spurred into action.

SIR GILLES' armour and helmet are black, bizarre and sinister. In comparison HUGH looks very vulnerable.

The contestants converge.

Both shields are hit.

HUGH reels, almost unseated, but recovers.

SIR GILLES doesn't waver.

The contestants reach the ends of the lists, stop and turn.

The second pass begins.

The Tardis materialises a little to one side of the lists and opposite the pavilion.

Both horses are reined in and the spectators react in awe and fear to the point of absenting themselves a pace or two.

SIR GILLES canters towards the tardis and again reins in. He looks towards THE KING who is calmer than the others.

KING: Our friends! Friends, calm yourselves! There is no cause for alarm.

The SPECTATORS are unconvinced but stopped in their tracks.

END TELECINE 1.

2. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH)

TURLOUGH: Planet Earth?

THE DOCTOR: So it seems.

TURLOUGH: You didn't set the co-ordinates for here?

THE DOCTOR: No.

TEGAN: When is it?

THE DOCTOR: (EXAMINING DIAL) Twelve hundred and fifteen. March 4th.

(HE OPERATES THE SCANNER.

WE SEE SIR GILLES IN L.S.)

TEGAN: It looks like England.

THE DOCTOR: It is.

TEGAN: Shall we go? This could be a Black Guardian trap.

THE DOCTOR: I don't think so. But something certainly isn't right.

(THE DOCTOR SLAPS
THE RED OPENING DOOR
MECHANISM KNOB)

TEGAN: You're not going out?

THE DOCTOR: Just for a moment.

TEGAN: (POINTS AT SCANNER) That man has a sword.

THE DOCTOR: (MATTER OF FACT) So he does.

(HE EXITS)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Tardis.

THE DOCTOR comes out followed by TEGAN and TURLOUGH.

The SPECTATORS in the pavilion react in fear with the exception of THE KING.

C.S. SIR GILLES.

SIR GILLES: (CALLING) My liege! I have no need of air from Lucifer!

THE DOCTOR: Lucifer?

THE KING laughs, to the consternation of the occupants of the pavilion.

TEGAN: Is that the King?

THE DOCTOR: Without a doubt.

The SPECTATORS remain pusillanimous.

KING: Come, you cringing caitiffs! We tell you there is naught to fear. (CALLING) Do our demons come to visit us? (cont...)

To THE DOCTOR.

KING: (CONTINUED) Bid them attend us here.

Two of THE KING'S men make their way to the Tardis trio.

THE DOCTOR: Demons? Very odd indeed!

TEGAN: Makes a pleasant change for you not to take everything in your stride, I must say.

THE DOCTOR: Must you?

TEGAN: Too right!

THE DOCTOR: He even seems pleased to see us. The King welcoming demons?

TEGAN: What King?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, Tegan! Twelve hundred and fifteeen? King John, of course.

TEGAN: The one who lost something in the Wash?

THE DOCTOR: You could put it like that. His particular shirt turned out to be the crown jewels. But that's next year. We're still three months away from Magna Carta.

THE KING'S men have reached the trio.

CS SIR GILLES.

CS HUGH. He raises his visor. His face expresses perplexity.

In LS the trio reach the pavilion.

CLOSE on THE KING ringed by fearful faces, blenching at the prospect of consorting with demons

KING: Welcome, our demons. Name yourselves! (OF TEGAN) Can this be Lilith?

THE DOCTOR: Her name is Tegan, your majesty. This is Turlough. I am the Doctor. We are not demons. Though, come to think of it, I have been called a demon bowler.

KING: You are too modest, Lord Doctor. Come, rejoice with us in a trial by combat! Come, make way for our demons! Let them be seated by us!

This displaces RANULF and ISABELLA ignominiously.

They move, with controlled fear, away from the invaders.

THE KING raises his arm.

CS's of SIR GILLES and HUGH at the ready.

THE KING drops his arm.

The knights ride at each other for a second pass.

SIR GILLES' lance deflects that of HUGH, whose shield suffers a mighty blow. This hurls him from his horse.

HUGH attempts to get up.

SIR GILLES dismounts, approaches HUGH and draws his broadsword.

ISABELLA: My lord!

RANULF: Sire!

SIR GILLES raises his sword high over HUGH.

THE DOCTOR: Your majesty, if I may make so bold?

KING: (CALLING) Hold!

SIR GILLES is stilled.

Lord Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: If this is a trial by combat, your majesty, there is clearly a victor and a vanquished. Must blood be shed?

TEGAN: Shame to spoil it.

HUGH, under the raised sword, lifts his visor.

HUGH: (CRIES) Come! Despatch!

KING: Shame. We take your counsel, our demon. (CALLS) Spare him!

HUGH: Nay!

SIR GILLES sheaths his sword and returns to his horse.

END OF TELECINE 2

3. INT. GREAT HALL. DAY.

(CLOSE ON HUGH)

HUGH: I am dishonoured.

(HE IS WITH RANULF, ISABELLA, THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH.

DISTANT RETAINERS)

THE DOCTOR: You are alive, my friend.

HUGH: No friend to you.

(HE STALKS OFF)

RANULF: Heed him not whoever you are! I am grateful. You are welcome at fitz William Castle.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

RANULF: Soon we shall sit at meat. Betimes you may wish to withdraw.

(RANULF SIGNALS TO A RETAINER)

Conduct my guests to their chamber!

(WE SEE THE DOCTOR
AND CO IN LS AS
THEY FOLLOW THE
RETAINER.

SIR GILLES WATCHES
THE SCENE FROM A
SHADOWED NICHE.

HE SMILES)

4. INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR, TEGAN, TURLOUGH FOLLOWING THE RETAINER)

TEGAN: (QUIETLY) How can they live in such cold?

THE DOCTOR: By eating lots of food.

(TURLOUGH STOPS BY A SLIT WINDOW TO LOOK OUT.

TEGAN TURNS TO LOOK BACK AT TURLOUGH AS SHE AND THE DOCTOR CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY.

ON TURLOUGH)

5. INT. GUEST CHAMBER. DAY.

(AN IMPOSING BEDCHAMBER.

THE RETAINER OPENS THE DOOR AND THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN PASS HIM TO ENTER)

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(THE RETAINER GOES)

Where's Turlough?

TEGAN: He stopped to look at something.

(SHE SHIVERS)

Look at the size of that bed!

(WE SEE AN ENORMOUS BED)

THE DOCTOR: Another way of keeping warm.

TEGAN: What are we doing here, anyway?

THE DOCTOR: We were invited for a meal.

TEGAN: (SHIVERS) You know what I mean.

(THE DOCTOR POINTS TO A BEARSKIN ON THE BED)

THE DOCTOR: Put that round you.

(TEGAN DRAPES HERSELF WITH THE SKIN)

TEGAN: How long are you planning to stay?

(THE DOCTOR IS CONCENTRATING HARD)

THE DOCTOR: It's just sunk in. It's the March 4th, twelve hundred fifteen.

TEGAN: So?

THE DOCTOR: There's something very wrong here.

6. INT. CASTLE. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(TURLOUGH TURNS FROM
THE WINDOW TO FIND
A SWORD POINTED AT
HIS THROAT.

HUGH FACES HIM
MENACINGLY)

HUGH: Stand, demon!

7. INT. GUEST CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN)

THE DOCTOR: The King takes the oath today.

TEGAN: What?

THE DOCTOR: The oath. To join the Third Crusade. But he did that in London.

TEGAN: Who says?

THE DOCTOR: Your history books.

TEGAN: Perhaps they got that bit wrong.

THE DOCTOR: (SHAKES HIS HEAD) It's too well documented.

TEGAN: (COLD) Oh, who cares?

THE DOCTOR: I care.

TEGAN: Well, all I care about is getting back to the Tardis where it's warm. No wonder they forced him to sign Magna Carta! I bet there was something in it about underheated housing.

THE DOCTOR: But he wasn't.

TEGAN: What?

THE DOCTOR: Forced into Magna Carta. He was as much for it as anybody.

TEGAN: Now look, Doctor. I know my ...

THE DOCTOR: Do you?

(CU TEGAN, NOT SO CERTAIN)

8. INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR. DAY.

(TURLOUGH AND HUGH)

HUGH: I would know who or what you are.

TURLOUGH: I've told you. I'm Turlough.

HUGH: Take him!

(TWO MEN-AT-ARMS
COME INTO SHOT
AND TAKE FIRM
HOLD OF TURLOUGH)

9. INT. GREAT HALL. DAY.

(RANULF WITH
ISABELLA)

ISABELLA: He is proud, my lord. He will never forgive you.

RANULF: And you?

ISABELLA: With all my heart. But he is your son. He is as proud as you.

RANULF: Time heals. Presently, my concern is for the King. Why is he so changed? Who are these beings he calls demons?

(SIR GILLES ENTERS
WITH FOUR
ATTENDANT KNIGHTS)

SIR GILLES: My lord.

RANULF: What now?

SIR GILLES: I must ask the Lady Isabella to accompany me.

RANULF: To what end?

SIR GILLES: Your lady is to be held in custody.

RANULF: What!

SIR GILLES: To be held in custody against your continued good behaviour towards our sovereign Lord the King.

RANULF: On whose authority?

SIR GILLES: That of the King.

RANULF: The King is a guest in my house. He would not use me thus.

SIR GILLES: He would and does, my lord.

RANULF: We shall see.

(RANULF MAKES TO MOVE.

SIR GILLES DRAWS HIS SWORD)

SIR GILLES: Be not rash, my lord! The king is resting. He sends word to know if preserved peaches and new cider will be provided when he dines.

RANULF: You dare to ...

ISABELLA: The king shall lack no comfort while within these walls.

(SIR GILLES GESTURES THAT ISABELLA SHOULD PRECEDE HIM)

SIR GILLES: My lady.

RANULF: If so much as a hair comes to harm ...

SIR GILLES: A matter which rests entirely with you, my lord.

ISABELLA: Be not provoked, my lord.

(ISABELLA MOVES AWAY FOLLOWED BY SIR GILLES AND THE KNIGHTS.

RANULF STRIDES TOWARDS THE STAIR)

10. INT. DUNGEON. DAY.

(LITTLE LIGHT REACHES BEYOND THE SINGLE SLIT WINDOW.

AMONG THE CONVENTIONAL PARAPHERNALIA TWO ITEMS ARE UNEXPECTED. THEY ARE LARGER-THAN-LIFE EFFIGIES OF NOBLE WOMEN WROUGHT IN IRON.

THE MEN-AT-ARMS HOLD TURLOUGH FACING HUGH)

HUGH: Speak!

TURLOUGH: I've nothing to hide. I'll tell you anything you want to know.

HUGH: But you speak nothing but nonsense. Are you mad?

TURLOUGH: I've told you who I am and where I come from. What more do you want?

HUGH: Are you the King's man like my father?

TURLOUGH: I'm nobody's man.

HUGH: Then what do you here?

TURLOUGH: I came with the Doctor.

TURLOUGH: What is this Doctor's purpose?

TURLOUGH: I don't know.

HUGH: I'll loosen your tongue.

TURLOUGH: What?

(HUGH GOES TO ONE OF THE IRON MAIDENS AND SWINGS THE FRONT BACK ON ITS HINGE, REVEALING THE STEEL SPIKES)

HUGH: Behold!

TURLOUGH: There isn't any need for this.

HUGH: Fill her!

(AS THE MEN-AT-ARMS SHAPE UP TO PLACING TURLOUGH IN THE MAIDEN, HUGH HOLDS UP A HAND)

11. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(ISABELLA, SIR GILLES
AND THE ESCORTING
KNIGHTS ON THE WAY TO
THE DUNGEON)

12. INT. DUNGEON. DAY.

HUGH: (QUIETLY) Hold! The King's men.

(THE DOOR, WHICH IS NOT LOCKED, IS PUSHED OPEN AND ISABELLA PRECEDES THE OTHERS INTO THE DUNGEON)

Mother?

SIR GILLES: Seize them!

(SWORDS ARE DRAWN.

HUGH'S TWO MEN-AT-ARMS ARE SLAIN AND A KNIGHT HOLDS TURLOUGH AT SWORD POINT AS SIR GILLES NEATLY DISARMS HUGH)

Twice in one day. It is most embarrassing.

HUGH: You had best kill me for, if you do not, I shall most assuredly kill you.

SIR GILLES: Why is youth given to such extravagance? It appears, my lady, that you are not to be without companionship. Secure them and then we will examine this demon's blue engine.

13. INT. GUEST CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN.

TEGAN IS STILL HUDDLED INTO HER BEARSKIN.

THE DOCTOR PACES ENERGETICALLY)

TEGAN: Well, that's not what I was taught... Are you saying King John was a good man?

THE DOCTOR: Given the period he lived in, yes. But don't take my word for it. You'll be able to judge for yourself. Nobody forced Magna Carta from him. He could have crushed that rebellion as easily as that.

(HE SNAPS FINGER AND THUMB.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND RANULF ENTERS, SWORD IN HAND, SUPPORTED BY TWO MEN-AT-ARMS)

Lord Ranulf?

RANULF: What have you demons made of the King?

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS CONFUSED)

He is bewitched! (cont ...)

RANULF: (cont) First he takes my fortune, now he has made my lady a hostage. How can he question my loyalty? There is none more loyal than I.

THE DOCTOR: We're not demons. And we've done no harm to the King. Or to anyone, for that matter. And we don't intend any.

RANULF: Whence come you?

THE DOCTOR: From ... an outer province.

RANULF: And this strange attire?

THE DOCTOR: Ah, yes ... well ... Please believe we are friends. If you're in trouble I would like to help if I can.

(RANULF SHEATHES HIS SWORD AND TURNS TO THE MEN-AT-ARMS)

RANULF: Leave us! And fetch warm vestments!

(THE MEN GO)

You were three?

THE DOCTOR: Indeed. We've lost Turlough. Tell me, how long has the King been here?

RANULF: Since yesterday. He is not himself. He is not as I have known him for many years.

THE DOCTOR: Could he be ill?

RANULF: In rude health. He rode from London yesterday then to a stag hunt to bring down the only kill.

THE DOCTOR: This Sir Gilles Estram.

RANULF: I like not the man.

THE DOCTOR: Can't say I care for him much myself. A French Knight? Is he the only Frenchman with the King?

RANULF: I know not. He has never favoured Frenchmen before this ... even renegades from the King of France.

THE DOCTOR: Could Sir Gilles be bringing some pressure. Some influence on the King?

RANULF: The King is influenced by none. The King I know is resolute. And firm of purpose.

THE DOCTOR: When does he return to London?

RANULF: I know not. And no word from the city. (cont ...)

RANULF: (cont) My cousin was summoned there by the King a week since and is not returned. Why? And why no word concerning him?

THE DOCTOR: Your cousin was summoned to London?

RANULF: Aye, to take the Crusader's Oath.

THE DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF) Today. March 4th.

RANULF: What say you, my lord Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: What if your guest is not the King?

RANULF: Not the King? Then who?

THE DOCTOR: An imposter.

RANULF: But I have known and served my sovereign lord for many years. No imposter could be so like.

THE DOCTOR: Be vigilant, my lord. I suspect that things are not as they seem.

RANULF: You are a sorcerer!

THE DOCTOR: No. But I ask you to trust me. Please.

TEGAN: You can. Believe me.

(RANULF LOOKS DOUBTFULLY FROM ONE TO THE OTHER)

RANULF: You will join my household at meat?

THE DOCTOR: We'll be delighted. Thank you.

RANULF: When it pleases you.

(RANULF GOES)

TEGAN: What's going on?

THE DOCTOR: Want to help me find out?

TEGAN: Oh, no!

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Woodland near the Castle Wall.

A good number of MEN-AT-ARMS are transporting the Tardis on stout stakes.

They are experiencing considerable difficulty.

This is watched by SIR GILLES and TWO KNIGHTS who follow the column on horseback.

END TELECINE 3.

14. INT. GUEST CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
AND TEGAN ARE
TRYING ON
EXOTIC-LOOKING
SABLE-LINED
CLOAKS)

THE DOCTOR: Warmer?

TEGAN: Yes. Shouldn't we find out what's happened to Turlough.

THE DOCTOR: We will.

TEGAN: I don't feel safe here.

THE DOCTOR: A while longer, then we'll go.

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Woodland near the Castle.

MLS SIR GILLES and the TWO KNIGHTS.

They come TO CAMERA and rein in.

REVERSE ANGLE.

TWO HORSEMEN coming TO CAMERA. They rein in.

The leading HORSEMAN is SIR GEOFFREY DE LACY, a sturdy man in his middle thirties.

The other MAN is his SQUIRE.

SIR GILLES: Name yourself, sir knight!

GEOFFREY: Geoffrey de Lacey cousin to Ranulf Fitz William. And your name?

SIR GILLES: Gilles Estram, the King's Champion.

GEOFFREY: Why then are you not with the King?

SIR GILLES: I am.

GEOFFREY: How can that be since the King is in London?

SIR GILLES: Nay. The King is here.

GEOFFREY: Bourne on eagles' wings? I left the King in the Tower at noon.

SIR GILLES: You lie! Take him!

Swords are drawn and the HORSEMEN clash.

GEOFFREY'S SQUIRE is soon despatched but we leave the contest before the outcome with GEOFFREY battling valiantly against unfair odds.

END TELECINE 4.

15. INT. GREAT HALL. DAY.

(RANULF AND THE
KING AT TABLE
WITH THE REST
OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

CONSPICIOUS,
BY THEIR ABSENCE,
ARE ISABELLA AND
HUGH, AND SIR GILLES.

THE FEASTING
PROCEEDS WITH
ENTERTAINMENT
PROVIDED BY
"TUMBLERS".

RANULF IS WATCHFUL
OF THE KING WHO
APPEARS TO BE
ENJOYING HIMSELF
PRODIGIOUSLY.

SIR GILLES ENTERS
AND TAKES HIS
PLACE AT THE
RIGHT OF THE
KING.

THE DOCTOR AND
TEGAN DESCEND
AT THE STAIRS)

TEGAN: Can you see him?

THE DOCTOR: No.

(SIR GILES SEES
THE DOCTOR AND
TEGAN AND WHISPERS
TO THE KING. THE
KING LOOKS ROUND)

KING: Our demons! Welcome! Come, join us!

(THE DOCTOR
AND TEGAN ARE
ESCORTED TO
THE EMPTY PLACES
AT THE TABLE:
NAMELY THOSE OF
ISABELLA AND HUGH.

THE DOCTOR SITS
NEXT TO RANULF)

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERS) Trust me!

TEGAN: (HISSING) What about Turlough?

THE DOCTOR: (LIKEWISE) Stop fussing!

16. INT. DUNGEON. DAY.

(TURLOUGH, ISABELLA AND HUGH ARE CHAINED VERY UNCOMFORTABLY TO THE WALLS)

ISABELLA: Can you not help us?

TURLOUGH: I wish I could.

HUGH: Can you not call on hell?

TURLOUGH: I could. But then, so could you. With a better chance of success I fancy.

(THEY ALL TURN TOWARDS THE DOOR AS IT OPENS TO ADMIT FOUR MEN-AT-ARMS.

THE MEN MOVE TO AN IRON MAIDEN.

WITH DIFFICULTY THEY TAKE THE IRON MAIDEN FROM THE DUNGEON.

THE DOOR IS CLOSED AND LOCKED BEHIND THEM)

I hope they've found a better use for it.

ISABELLA: A better use?

(HUGH LOOKS
SHAMEFACED)

17. INT. GREAT HALL. DAY.

(AS BEFORE.

THE DOCTOR
STUDIES THE
KING)

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY TO TEGAN) If he's not the King who is he? And why?

TEGAN: Do you seriously expect me to give you an answer?

THE DOCTOR: And why didn't he react to us like everybody else? Why wasn't he scared? And why are we his demons?

TEGAN: Could he be the devil?

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
AT HER DISAPPROVINGLY)

I only said "could"!

(THE TUMBLERS
CONCLUDE THEIR
PERFORMANCE AND
EXIT)

KING: A lute! Let us have a lute!

(A LUTE IS GIVEN TO THE KING.

HE STRUMS AND SINGS)

We sing in praise of
total war,
Against the Saracen we
abhor,
To free the tomb of
Christ our Lord
We'll put the known world
to the sword.

(THERE IS SYCOPHANTIC APPLAUSE BUT NONE FROM RANULF, THE DOCTOR OR TEGAN WHO ALL LOOK A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE)

There is no glory greater
than
To serve with gold the Son
of man.
No riches here on Earth
shall see
No scutage in eternity.

(RENEWED APPLAUSE.

RANULF LOOKS AT THE DOCTOR WITH MISGIVING.

SIR GILLES, WHO HAS LED THE APPLAUSE, NOW RISES)

SIR GILLES: And now, sire, for some additional entertainment.

(HE CLAPS HIS HANDS AND THE MEN-AT-ARMS ENTER WITH THE IRON MAIDEN AND SET IT DOWN)

KING: Bravo, our champion! And who is to delight in her embrace?

(SIR GILLES CLAPS HIS HANDS AGAIN AND TWO MEN-AT-ARMS BRING ON GEOFFREY WITH HIS ARMS BOUND)

RANULF: (APPALLED) Geoffrey! (HE RISES) Sire, this is my cousin Geoffrey De Lacey; a loyal knight.

(THE SAID KNIGHT JUST CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES)

You summoned him to London but a week since, to take the Crusader's oath.

KING: So we did. Indeed we did. And he has seen fit to disobey that summons.

GEOFFREY: Not so! I left your Majesty in London four hours since. You must remember.

KING: Must?

SIR GILLES: You lie! The King has been here since yesterday.

(THERE IS A GENERAL BUZZ OF PERPLEXED EXCITEMENT.

THE DOCTOR IS THOUGHTFUL)

Let the maiden reward such mendacity. Prepare her!

RANULF: Sire! Be merciful, I beg you!

SIR GILLES: Your cousin is guilty of lese-majesty, my lord.

(THE DOCTOR RISES)

THE DOCTOR: Your Majesty!

KING: What, our demon? You, too, would beg for mercy?

THE DOCTOR: Oh, indeed no, sire. But such a fate is too mild. Would not boiling in oil be a more fitting end?

(RANULF IS SURPRISED BUT TEGAN IS SHOCKED)

KING: It must be a decade, our champion, since we boiled in oil. We accept your counsel, demon.

(MORE BUZZING OF EXCITEMENT)

THE DOCTOR: I thank your Majesty. But I wasn't suggesting alternative retribution. My interruption was provoked by shock.

KING: Shock?

THE DOCTOR: I was quite shocked by Sir Gilles' monstrous lack of good taste.

(THE KING LOOKS AT SIR GILLES)

SIR GILLES: Who dares to question my taste?

THE DOCTOR: In my view it is the worst possible taste even to think of following the King's own quite remarkable performance. One just can't follow that.

(AGAIN THE KING LOOKS AT SIR GILLES)

SIR GILLES: I am insulted.

(HE TAKES A GAUNTLET AND FLINGS IT AT THE DOCTOR)

THE GAUNTLET THUMPS INTO THE DOCTOR AND FALLS AT HIS FEET.

THE DOCTOR PICKS IT UP AND TOSSES IT BACK)

(BOTH TEGAN AND RANULF HAVE EXPRESSED RELIEF AND ADMIRATION FOR THE DOCTOR'S CLEVER INTERVENTION, BUT NOW RANULF AND TEGAN ARE ALARMED ANEW)

TEGAN: (QUIETLY) You must be mad!

RANULF: He is said to be the best swordsman in France.

THE DOCTOR: (COVERING HIS TREPIDATION) Fortunately, we are in England. May I?

(HE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND.

RANULF DRAWS HIS SWORD AND GIVES IT TO HIM)

Thank you. I hope I don't disgrace it.

(HE TAKES THE TARDIS KEY FROM HIS POCKET AND HANDS IT TO TEGAN)

Just in case of accidents.

TEGAN: It's not locked.

THE DOCTOR: What?

TEGAN: You didn't lock the Tardis.

THE DOCTOR: Did I say I had?

TEGAN: (QUIET, URGENT)
Doctor, don't do it!

THE DOCTOR: In case of accidents?

(TEGAN RELUCTANTLY TAKES THE KEY)

Find Turlough!

(BUT TEGAN'S CONCERN IS TOO GREAT FOR HER TO LEAVE.

THE DOCTOR AND SIR GILLES POSITION THEMSELVES FOR THE FRAY)

KING: Behold! Our champion and our demon. Have a care. Sir Gilles! Has our demon mortal life to lose?

SIR GILLES: I fear no hell-hound.

KING: Then, set to! (cont ...)

(THE FIGHT BEGINS.

IT IS IMMEDIATELY APPARENT THAT THE DOCTOR IS A SKILFUL SWORDSMAN BUT VERY MUCH OUT OF PRACTICE.

THE BOUT RANGES ABOUT THE HALL SOMETIMES FAVOURING SIR GILLES AND SOMETIMES THE DOCTOR, BUT WHEN THE ADVANTAGE IS WITH SIR GILLES IT IS THE RESULT OF DIRTY FIGHTING.

THE KING AND COMPANY ARE MUCH ENTERTAINED: TEGAN, RANULF AND GEOFFREY LOOK ON WITH ALTERNATING ADMIRATION AND ANXIETY.

THE FIGHTING TAKES IN TABLES, AROUND AND ON TOP, AND OTHER OBSTACLES.

A CHANDELIER, PERHAPS?

AT LAST, WITH A ROLL OF THE WRIST, THE DOCTOR DISARMS SIR GILLES TO A ROAR OF EXCITEMENT.

THE POINT OF THE DOCTOR'S SWORD, TOUCHES SIR GILLES' BEARD.

BOTH MEN ARE EXHAUSTED)

KING: (cont) Bravo, our demon!

(SIR GILLES PRODUCES SOMETHING FROM UNDER HIS SURCOAT.

IT IS THE "TISSUE COMPRESSION ELIMINATOR")

THE DOCTOR: (QUIET) You! Escaped from Xeraphas!

MASTER: (EVEN QUIETER) With ease.

(A CUT TO TEGAN)

TEGAN: (AGHAST) The Master!

(CUT BACK)

MASTER: (VERY QUIET) Oh, Doctor! You have been obtuse!

FADE OUT